



Reluctant Press

Stacy's Stories II

Stacy Nolan



ILLUSTRATIONS BY CHAS

A 'SPECTRUM' NOVEL

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Reluctant Press TG Publishers

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“China Doll”

By Stacy Nolan

The high caliber Magnum round blasted through the Mustang's rear window, missing Carter by no more than an inch, powering on through the windshield with an angry “snap”.

Carter turned and fired a long burst from the wicked-looking pistol at the pursuing red Nissan sports car, whooping with joy as the car mounted the curb and plowed through a storefront window.

Shifting uncomfortably in my cinema seat, I winced in pain at the movie's booming soundtrack. Jeeze! Was everybody deaf these days or what?

I'd had enough! I needed a cigarette, maybe a Cold Beer or two? As I stood, half a dozen or so candy bar wrappers slid from my lap to the floor.

Outside, after the cool of the air-conditioned movie theater, the July mid-afternoon heat hit me like a hammer blow, I pulled a not-so white handkerchief from my jacket pocket and mopped my brow, Oh boy, was I out of condition! I used to be mega-fit, into sports in a big way, but now? I must have put on ten or twelve pounds since Gwen walked out on me five months ago, If I wasn't careful I would end up as a slob, eating and drinking myself into an early grave. I would show Gwen, the bitch! Okay, so maybe I had knocked her around a bit, but hey, nothing too heavy. A man has to stand up and show them who's boss every now and then, right?

But whatever had happened between us, she had no right taking my two kids, Dan and little Hazel, from me like that. That thing with Dan a couple of years back had been an accident, and I'd never so much as laid a finger on Hazel, honestly.

Anyhow, fuck Gwen, who needs her, right? All she had ever done was hold me back.

The room at the Beresford Hotel was just a stop gap, I would find another job soon, Good Salesmen were hard to find. Well, 2003 was going to be the year that Andy Golding made it big. Things were about to change ... I just knew it.

Six weeks of saving the pennies and finally I had enough money to buy myself a couple of hours of Serious Fun with a hooker. Women had always been my weakness, I couldn't get enough of them. Well, tonight was the night. A Shower, A Shave, and a change of clothes and I would be heading up West.

SOHO, LONDON

I stood well back in the darkened doorway of Gemini Photography Studio on Berwick Street.

Lighting another cigarette from the butt of the last, I glanced at the illuminated face of my Seiko watch, a memento of better days. It was just before 11 PM and Soho was coming alive.

Predators and Prey.

During the past half-hour or so, I had stood here and watched the working girls arriving, each claiming their own little patch of sidewalk. I knew most of the girls by sight, was on first name terms with many, having availed myself of their services on more than one occasion.

A taxi pulled to the curb and a leggy brunette got out, not bothering to adjust her short skirt which did very little to hide her modesty. It was Maria. She was originally from Scotland, she had worked the streets of Soho for almost four years now; rumor had it that she was as hard as nails. The story goes that a disgruntled customer had once pulled a knife on Maria, she had taken it from him, then beat him to a pulp with her bare hands, very nearly killing the poor bastard. No, despite her good looks, I had always steered well clear of Maria.

Now, Penny was a different matter entirely; nothing even remotely macho about her. She was obviously "All Woman" in every way; her pimp, an ex-pro boxer named Dave "The Hammer" Trenton was all the protection that Penny would ever need. After all, she was the top money earner in Trenton's stable of eight girls.

Penny's "Party Trick" was the use of her long blonde hair to drive the customers totally wild.

Tied up nice and tight, Penny soon had them begging for mercy. For those that could afford the luxury, she could bring them to the very brink and keep them there for hours, pleading for relief, as she gently teased them with the soft silky touch of her gorgeous long hair.

Penny was way out of my league, and at well over £100 a “date,” well out of my price range too.

Leaving the sanctuary of the doorway, I headed for Gino’s Coffee Shop on nearby Brewer Street. It was a regular haunt of the working girls. I figured that even this early some of them should be in. I wasn’t disappointed, as I immediately spotted a couple of familiar faces, Coral and Ellen. As I made my way over to their table, I saw that they were deep in conversation. Both looked up, smiling in greeting as they saw me approaching.

“Hi Andy. I hope that you are looking for some fun tonight?” asked Ellen, a nympho with massive breasts and the sort of mouth that could suck a golf ball through a length of garden hose. Remembering to talk to her face and not to her sizable Boobs, I said, “Are there any new girls in town worth getting excited about?”

Coral laughed, nudging her companion.

“Andy darling, we can offer you all the excitement that you can handle. You should already know that, Baby, But if you are really looking for something a little different, you might want to take a walk over to Chinatown. You can take your pick from five new honeys, four are fresh off the boat from China, the fifth is a ‘Ladyboy,’ a Londoner. His parents had some gambling debts they couldn’t pay. The Triads took their fifteen-year-old son in full payment, or so the story goes. He was spirited away to China where the last two years were spent totally feminizing him and training him as a prostitute, how to please a man ... the Oriental way of course.”

I took a Ten-pound note out of my wallet and slid it across the Formica table-top to Coral; she didn’t hesitate for a moment, snatching it up as if fearing that I would change my mind.

As I stood to leave I said, “Get yourselves another coffee and a bite to eat. And Ladies, take good care out there.”

“CHINA TOWN”

I didn't take me long to track down the New Girls, That is once I’d managed to convince the locals that I wasn’t some undercover vice cop, they were happy to point me in the right direction. This turned out to be the side entrance to the “Fragrant Garden Restaurant.” It looked to be busy, mostly with tourists.

The side door stood open, a short flight of bare wooden stairs took me up to the first floor where I found an elderly Chinese man sitting at a small table, on which sat a battered pack of playing cards and a fresh bottle of Jack Daniels. If nothing else, the little guy had taste!

He looked me up and down, saying nothing, his eyes in a permanent squint against the smoke rising from the king-size cigarette held loosely between his thin lips.

I tried a smile. "Hello, I've come to visit your new girls, yes? Oriental women very beautiful. I'm here for fuckee suckee. Yes? Do you speak any English? Are you deaf, or just stupid?"

He stood up, pointing at me with a bony nicotine-stained finger. In a high shrill voice he screamed, "You, fuck off! Fuck off now please!!"

Standing my ground, I said, "Listen old man, why don't you climb up on that chair and kiss my Ass? Nobody talks to me like that and"...

"*Please!* I apologize for my Uncle, His English not good. We want no Trouble, yes?"

I turned slowly to look at the woman who had emerged so quietly from one of the rooms, She looked to be in her late 40`s; it was clear that she had been a real "looker" in her day. In fact I wouldn't mind a piece of her now. Down Boy!

"Hey, I'm sorry Lady. I didn't come here to make trouble. Look, can I meet your new girls, or what?"

Her smile faltered for just a moment, then returned.

"Of course, please follow me? All girls are available now, but will be very busy when nightclubs close later on. They welcome your company."

The room that we entered was not at all what I had expected it to be, large, bright and modern.

The walls decorated with eight massive framed prints, all showing scenes of enforced feminization. It took me a moment or two to realize that the "prints" were in fact photographs, making them all the more disturbing for it. The pain, anguish and despair were clear in the faces of the young she-males. It was hard to believe that these beautiful and exotic creatures were ever male.

The woman smiled, obviously pleased with the effect the pictures were having on me. I took a deep breath, trying to hide the shock and revulsion that I felt.

Looking around, I saw that the room was dominated by a giant, wide-screen television. Five girls sat on two overstuffed sofas and were watching "Blade Runner" on DVD.

My cock began to twitch to life as I openly stared at the girls before me. *China dolls*, I thought, each with waist-length straight raven hair and almond-shaped eyes. Unmistakably Oriental, their cupid bow lips painted a dark shade of red, each girl wore a diaphanous chemise which did little to hide her ample charms. Surely, none of these gorgeous creatures could ever have been male!

"You like? Yes? Then pick one, very special price, only for you."

The woman's high, singsong voice snapped me out of my reverie.

“What? Oh yeah, right. Look, the girls are beautiful, but no offense. I was looking for a ”special girl.” You know, a lady boy.”

The woman laughed delightedly, her voice was mocking as she said, “So, you like your girls with a ”little extra,” do you? Then you are in luck, Tiffany has recently joined us. She is English, having just returned from China where she has spent the last two years being feminized, trained fully in the art of being a woman. Now, returning a beautiful Oriental girl, she is expert in the art of pleasing a man. Satisfaction is guaranteed.

“She is unique, no longer a boy, not yet a woman. Tiffany is in a kind of limbo, existing only to bring pleasure.”

The woman’s words were having more of an effect on me than I cared to admit; my cock was so hard I thought it would explode. I tried to imagine how Tiffany must feel, her body now a living prison, one from which she could never escape, knowing that she would now have to spend the rest of her life as the opposite sex, her life a living nightmare. I looked at the five beautiful girls before me, looking for a clue as to which one was the unfortunate boy.

Not a hint of masculinity showed.

The woman clicked her fingers and spoke rapidly in a language that I can only assume was Chinese. One of the girls flinched as if stung. Rising from the sofa, she approached me and bowed. In a London accent, she said, “It is an honor to meet you. I will do my best to make your visit a memorable one.”

You’ve done that already, I thought as I mopped sweat from my brow. I looked her up and down, devouring her inch by inch.

“You like, yes?” asked the Chinese woman. I nodded Yes, not trusting myself to speak. Her smile was mocking as she said, “Tiffany is very special, men are willing to pay a lot of money for her company. But I like you, Mister. One hour cost you £150, very good price, usually charge £200, even more. If you no have money, I can take your wristwatch and the two gold rings in full payment.”

Reaching into my jacket pocket, I took out my wallet and quickly counted out £150 in notes. Handing the money to the woman, I said, “Here you go, Lady. Spend it wisely. Perhaps you could buy old Charlie Chan out there some more cigarettes?”

Her smile faltered, she spoke again to Tiffany in Chinese, then left the room.

Almost shyly, Tiffany took my hand. She lead me to a small but clean-looking bedroom, locking the door behind us, The only light came from a dozen or so scented candles.

Tiffany averted her eyes as she shrugged off her chemise. It slipped to the floor about her feet, leaving her standing naked before me. She was perfect in every

way. Too perfect; for one of the few times in my life, I was speechless, With a slender ladylike, hand Tiffany slowly brought the large cock that hung between her shapely legs to life. It was massive, its swollen head slick with clear pre-come. Pouting provocatively, she said, "So how do you like it, Mister? Would you like me to do it to you?"

For just a moment I was tempted to say, "Yes, please," to let her do whatever she had in mind.

I felt sure that I would enjoy every minute. Taking a deep breath, I fought the urge and the moment passed. Grabbing her wrist, I pulled her towards me.

"Look honey, you seem like a nice kid. Do you really want to be doing this? How could you let them do this to you, for crying out loud? It's sick! Or do you like being a girl?"

Snatching up the chemise from the floor and slipping it on, he/she burst into tears, flinging herself down on the king-size bed in a fit of frustration and despair. I tried not to stare at her exposed breasts, or the long shapely legs that the sheer chemise did very little to hide. I approached the bed; leaning over, I gently laid my hand on her shoulder.

"Hey, come on, *Miss?* Surely it can't be that bad?"

Her laugh was mocking, totally devoid of humor.

"How could you possibly know what I have been through over the past two years? You have no idea! I was taken from my parents by the Chinese Triads when I was fifteen years-old. I was kept locked away, it was almost a year before I saw daylight again. They did things to me, horrible things. 'Surgical Improvements,' they called them. Then there was the injections, so many of them. I hated what they did to me, how they made me feel. I was turning into a girl before my own eyes and there was not a thing that I could do about it. Then there was the 're-education,' brainwashing really. Then, three days ago, I was brought here. Oh please, Mister, you've got to help me. I beg of you. Help me to get away from here! I ... I can't go on like this, it's..."

"Okay! Okay! I get the message. I'll help you, just calm down will you? I'll have the place crawling with cops within five minutes of leaving here."

"No, please, no police. You don't understand, Mister!"

"Just call me Andy, kid".

"If you call the police, it will be signing my family's death warrant. My Dad is involved in business deals with the Triads. I can't say for sure, but I think its drugs. They would kill him, kill us all."

"Then I'll help you. It's about time that I gave something back for a change, if you know what I mean. Look, don't worry about it. Just make sure that you are ready to move tomorrow night at 11 PM. Is there anything that you need that I can get for you?"

"Just something for me to wear please, Andy. I wouldn't get very far dressed like this, now would I?"

The woman and the old man were lurking outside as I left the room. Turning back, I smiled at Tiffany and said, “Thanks again Baby, that was just amazing! All being well, I’ll see you again tomorrow night?”

Closing the door, I turned to face the woman. Her expression was mocking.

“I’m pleased that you have enjoyed the company of Tiffany. Not many men experience the joys of sex with a young and beautiful she-male. You may find that a normal woman can no longer satisfy you.”

Resisting the urge to grab Tiffany and run, I forced a smile. “Thanks Darling, if I can rob a Bank or two, maybe I’ll see you again tomorrow?”

Making my way downstairs, I stepped outside, rejoining the hustle and bustle of China Town. I could almost feel Tiffany’s eyes on me as I left. I did not look back.

“GUARDIAN ANGEL”

3 AM and I was still too wired to sleep. I lay back on the bed in my hotel room going over and over the night’s events in my mind. Wow, I had heard of some sadistic sick things in my time, but nothing to touch this, To take a normal healthy heterosexual boy away from his family, then turn him into a female against his will until you reach a point where he is far more woman than man... How could one human being do something like that to another, for crying out loud? It just wasn’t right, not right at all!

The following afternoon I went shopping for some clothes for Tiffany. I explained to the young sales assistant whose name badge identified her as “Rachel Latham” that my niece was coming out of hospital later that day following a serious accident. The clothes she had been in had been ruined and she would need new ones. I admitted that I had no idea of her correct sizes, but she and Rachel were very similar. Not at all phased by my request, Rachel smiled and said, “Leave it to me!”

Rap music boomed out of the four massive corner-mounted speakers. Rap Music! Add a “c” and it just about summed it up. The Carpenters, The Beach Boys, Enya, now that’s music!

Rachel returned, bearing her selection. Matching white panties and bra, hose, a short black woolen skirt, a cream-colored soft and fluffy angora sweater, a black nylon windbreaker zip-up jacket and a pair of black leather ankle strap shoes with three-inch spike heels. I left the store ten minutes later with two bags of purchases ... and a banging headache.

With a little under eight hours to go to “Zero Hour,” there was plenty of time to kill.

Catching a tube train into the West End, I found a Cinema advertising a tribute to the late, great Bruce Lee. All of his movies shown one after the other, non-stop for seven days, Well, I could think of worse ways to spend a few hours. I took my seat just as Lee commenced his epic battle with the guards in the classic "Enter the Dragon."

I left the Cinema just after 10 PM, intending to grab a burger and a Coke before heading over to Chinatown, but suddenly I wasn't hungry anymore. I had the urge to call Gwen, tell her that I was sorry, and maybe speak to my kids. It was like some sort of premonition; as if somehow I suspected that I'd never see my family again.

I had an overpowering urge to abandon my plans, leave the girl, let someone else risk their neck to help her, but deep down inside, I knew that I couldn't do it. Tiffany was relying on me and I wasn't going to let her down.

Nearing The Fragrant Garden Chinese restaurant, I slowed my pace a little, wanting a few minutes to gather my thoughts before I committed suicide by crossing the Triads. I stopped and looked in a shop's large display window. The shop sold martial arts weapons and other self-defense items. There was Chinese death stars, nunchaku, Tanto blades, swords, stun guns, batons, cans of Mace and, almost hidden away behind other items on display, a sturdy brass knuckle duster.

A bell sounded overhead as I entered the shop. The guy reading his newspaper behind the counter barely looked up.

"Hey Kid, you awake?"

He smiled, "Yeah but only just. So, what can I getcha?"

"How much for the brass knuckle duster you got on show in the window?"

"Oh, You mean the brass *Paperweight*, right? Make me an offer."

Five minutes later and I was leaving the shop £10 poorer but a lot more confident.

Nearing The Fragrant Garden, I slowed my pace a little, trying to gather my thoughts. Crossing the Triads was both reckless and stupid. I smiled as I thought, "Yeah, tell me about it!" Taking a deep breath, I took the stairs two at a time up to the first floor. The old guy was there, but this time he was not alone.

He stood behind the old man, his posture relaxed and casual. In contrast, his eyes were sharp and alert, taking in everything. He looked at me and smiled, a gesture that failed to reach his dark eyes.

The man looked to be in his late twenties. I had him figured as hired muscle, or more likely Triad, looking after their investment. But was his presence coincidence, or did they know that I was about to make a bid to free Tiffany?

Stopping before them, I took out a handkerchief and mopped my brow.

“Evening, Boys. *Phew*, sure is hot out there. A cold beer would go down well right about now. I was here last night, visiting Miss Tiffany. I liked it so much, I thought I’d come back for some more.”

The old man rose slowly from his chair. I could almost hear his bones creaking. Stopping before me, he pointed at the two store bags that I carried.

“What in? What in brags?” he asked in broken English.

“Brag? Brags? Oh right, these bags! All right, now we’re getting somewhere! Now, what’s in the bags? Well, that’s a good question. How about the alien remains from Area 51?”

“No? Britney Spears’ virginity? No? But I am getting Warmer, right?”

The old man turned and said something in Chinese to the younger guy who stepped forward.

“Just answer the questions. What’s in those bags, you fat fuck?”

“Why don’t you come over here and take a look, Sweetheart?”

He was fast, I mean really fast. The wicked looking knife—a Tanto?—appeared in his hand as if by magic, but I didn’t have time to stand there and be impressed. Pushing him back against the wall, I drove my right knee repeatedly into his crotch with sickening force, lifting him off his feet with each impact. Anyone else would have gone down, but not him. He still wanted to fight. He was obviously into Karate or some other chop-socky shit. I felt a searing pain as a blow from the straight fingers of his left hand dug into my flesh just under my rib cage. I cried out, staggering back.

He lashed out with a vicious high kick, catching me full in the face. My vision blurred and blood began to pour from my nose. A second kick, catching me in the upper chest, knocked me on my back. He smiled as he moved in to finish me off. Then I remembered...

Reaching into my jacket pocket, I slipped my right hand into the heavy brass knuckle duster. Pushing my back tight against the wall, I managed to get to my feet.

Being too confident was his downfall; he didn’t see the vicious uppercut coming until it was too late. I had put everything I had left behind the single punch. Catching him square on the chin, his jaw bone crunching, he was unconscious before he hit the floor.

“ESCAPE”

I turned to the old man, he appeared to be frozen with fear.

“Listen, Granddad, I won’t get any pleasure from hurting you, but believe me, I’ll do it unless you tell me right now where the girl is ... Tiffany?”

He hesitated for just a moment, just long enough to look into my eyes and see that I meant business, Picking up a bunch of keys from the small table, he beckoned for me to follow him.

He climbed the stairs to the next floor. I snatched up the two store bags from where they had fallen and staggered after him, still in pain from the beating I had taken. Suddenly I felt like I was a knight on a mission to free the fair maiden from the tower.

Stopping outside one of four doors, the old man began fumbling with the bunch of keys. After what seemed like an eternity, he found the right one to open the door.

The room contained six single beds. It was too dark to see, which, if any, were occupied. I pushed past the old man, snapping on the overhead lights as I did so. Only three beds were occupied, Tiffany was in the one nearest to the door. Sitting up, she cried, "Oh Andy! You really came back for me! Please, we must be quick."

I didn't need telling twice. Handing her the two bags of new clothes, I told her to get changed; she emptied the contents of the bags onto the bed.

"But Andy, these are girl's clothes! I thought that maybe you would have thought to bring me a sweater, jeans, maybe a pair of trainers?"

She was right of course. Here I was, helping a young male escape a life of enforced feminization and I bring him a short skirt and heels, for crying out loud! What was I thinking?

"Look Tiffany, I'm sorry. I wasn't thinking straight. Can't you just wear them for now so that we can get out of here?"

"Sure. I'm sorry Andy, I didn't mean to give you a hard time over them. It's just..."

"Hey, I know, I wasn't thinking straight."

Without another word, Tiffany stood up, allowing her flimsy strappy nightie to glide to the floor around her ankles, She turned and stood facing me, her steady gaze holding mine. To my embarrassment, I found that I was getting a terrific hard-on. They had certainly done a job on her, leaving Tiffany a girl with a penis, a gorgeous creature trapped in a kind of limbo between the sexes.

Fascinated, I stood and watched as she dressed. Lacy bra & matching panties, sheer hose in black, a short woolen skirt, also in black, and a soft fluffy angora sweater in a feminine dusky pink, with a collar and three small pearlized buttons at its neckline. Sitting down on the edge of the bed, Tiffany put on a pair of black strappy shoes with narrow three-inch stiletto heels.

She stood and crossed the large room. Stopping before a full-length wall-mounted mirror, she gasped in shock, turning away quickly, fighting back tears.

Her pretty face a mask of anguish and despair, she pleaded, “Please Andy, can we just get out of here?”

Her long dark hair hung across one eye, long heavy and straight, reaching almost to her narrow waist. Her almond-shaped eyes, cupid bow lips, pert nose and pale China Doll complexion all helped the illusion that she was indeed Oriental.

She reached out to me and I took her small slender hand in mine. Out on the landing, the old man backed away from us, his expression wary. Of the younger guy, there was no sign.

Turning to Tiffany, I asked her, “Where do they keep the money? Hey, come on, I asked you a question.”

She looked at me, her expression one of puzzlement.

“Tiffany! The money! Where is it, for crying out loud?”

Snapping out of her trance-like state, she pointed at the old man.

“He has the key to a large metal strong box. It is kept hidden.”

I stepped towards him, the wicked looking Tanto knife held before me. In my best “don't fuck with me” voice, I said, “Where is the money? I won't be asking you the same question twice. Do we understand each other?”

He quickly nodded. Moving the small table to one side, he rolled back the threadbare carpet and lifted a section of floorboard. Reaching in, he lifted out a battered black metal strong box. Placing it on the table, he stepped back,.

We stood like that, unmoving, for at least a full minute. Then I snarled at the old man.



“Just what the fuck are you playing at? Come on, get that box open!”

He fumbled with the keys, dropping them twice before finding the correct one. Opening the box, he backed away from it.

Glancing in, I whistled softly. I removed twenty thick wads of money, all used notes; £10s and £20s. I had expected there would be a lot. But there must have been between £12.000 - £15.000 here, maybe more. Triad money.

I sent Tiffany to get the two store bags from the bedroom. When she returned, I put all of the money into one bag, then placed that inside the second bag.

Grabbing Tiffany's hand, I pulled her along behind me. She almost fell as we rushed headlong down the stairs but she managed to stay on her feet.

Once outside we quickly blended in with the throngs of people, both locals and tourists alike, who were out to enjoy themselves on a midsummer Sunday night. Leaving Chinatown, we headed in the direction of Oxford Street. We would catch a tube train from Oxford Circus underground station through to Finsbury Park station; from there it was just a ten-minute walk to the Beresford Hotel. I figured that we should be safe there tonight, maybe tomorrow at a push, but after that we would have to be moving on.

I knew that the Triads would be hot on our trail. I had taken Tiffany, several thousand pounds in drug and prostitution money, beaten up one of their own enforcers. But worst of all, I had made them appear foolish; they had lost face, Yes, they would be coming for us, hard and fast.

“THE CALM BEFORE THE STORM”

We were halfway home before I began to relax a little, accepting that we were not being followed. We did not draw the attention that I had feared; in fact, we did not get so much as a second glance.

The Beresford Hotel did not splash out on little luxuries like a doorman or even a night porter, so we were able to walk in and go straight up to my room unchallenged. Unseen, though, that was a different matter.

It was all too much for Tiffany, She lay down on the bed and began to cry. I stood watching her, fascinated by the twin swellings of her breasts as they pushed against the soft fabric of her sweater and the very unladylike bulge in her exposed lacy panties. Snapping myself out of it, I sat down on the bed next to her and gently began to stroke her long dark hair. I felt so confused, I knew that I was 100% heterosexual, never having so much as glanced at another male, but Tiffany? Now that was entirely a different matter. I was having some strange thoughts, urges that I knew were wrong. I shouldn't be feeling like this about another guy, even one who looked as feminine and desirable as Tiffany.

She insisted that I take the bed.